enable a woman to perform any duty properly, and I muſt again repeat, that ſenſibility is not reaſon.

The compariſon with the rich ſtill occurs to me; for, when men neglect the duties of humanity, women will do the ſame; a common ſtream hurries them both along with thoughtleſs celerity. Riches and honours prevent a man from enlarging his underſtanding, and enervate all his powers by reverſing the order of nature, which has ever made true pleaſure the reward of labour. Pleaſure—enervating pleaſure is, likewiſe, within women's reach without earning it. But, till hereditary poſſeſſions are ſpread abroad, how can we expect men to be proud of virtue? And, till they are, women will govern them by the moſt direct means, neglecting their dull domeſtic duties to catch the pleaſure that is on the wing of time.

'The power of the woman,' ſays ſome author, 'is her ſenſibility;' and men, not aware of the conſequence, do all they can to make this power ſwallow up every other. Thoſe who conſtantly employ their ſenſibility will have moſt; for example; poets, painters,

painters, and compoſers *. Yet, when the ſenſibility is thus increaſed at the expence of reaſon, and even the imagination, why do philoſophical men complain of their ficklenes? The ſexual attention of man particularly acts on female ſenſibility, and this ſympathy has been exerciſed from their youth up. A huſband cannot long pay thoſe attentions with the paſſion neceſſary to excite lively emotions, and the heart, accuſtomed to lively emotions, turns to a new lover, or pines in ſecret, the prey of virtue or prudence. I mean when the heart has really been rendered ſuſceptible, and the taſte formed; for I am apt to conclude, from what I have ſeen in faſhionable life, that vanity is oftener ſoftered than ſenſibility by the mode of education, and the intercourſe between the ſexes, which I have reprobated; and that coquetry more frequently proceeds from vanity than from that inconſtancy, which overſtrained ſenſibility naturally produces.

* Men of this deſcription pour it into their compoſitions, to amalgamate the groſs materials; and, moulding them with paſſion, give to the inert body a ſoul; but, in woman's imagination, love alone concentrates theſe ethereal beams.

Another